

JULY 17, 1925

The **AMERICAN** **LEGION** *Weekly*



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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



WE gather from Mr. Von Blon's account of the new gold strike in Nevada in this issue that there isn't much chance for the individual prospector. There is still plenty of gold in the earth, but it takes more than one man equipped with hammer and shovel to get it out in paying quantities. The '25 methods of gold-mining are a whole lot more prosaic than were those of '49, but romance will always ride with those who journey far in pursuit of the will-o'-the-wisp of wealth. The Weekly recommends a re-reading of Mark Twain's "Roughing It" in conjunction with Mr. Von Blon's article.

* * *

THE Weekly is in receipt of an interesting letter from a friend who gives his address as the Gold Coast—not Nevada, but Africa. While we admit a degree of uncertainty as to just what he is after, we are sending him a batch of sample copies of the Weekly and all the available literature of the Book Service of The American Legion Weekly. There is no evidence that the writer is a Legionnaire, so we feel no obligation to pass his letter on to the Emblem Division. It is just possible that he feels lonely away out there on the Gold Coast, where you can look right over the equator by standing on a soap box, and wants to get a lot of mail. We hope, therefore, that sympathetic readers of the Weekly who are in any line of business that supplies free reading matter—catalogues or anything else—will give a thought to Samuel Duku, care of Solomon Ackah, Tiempolone Road, Beyin, Gold Coast, Africa. His letter follows: "To my deepest pleasure of writing you this few epistles that I have hardly received your name and address that you are the largest manufacturers of this city, of which I am today opening my large transgression business with you. Therefore if my letter comes to you without any hindrance kindly send me your full illustrated catalogue with price list that I might have send you remittance. After having received your catalogue I shall collect all my clients orders as usual. So on the receipt of this my favour do not delay of replying me. Remitt me a samples of any article at you stock per parcel post also let me know your terms. I have so many branches behind me; if we start the business it shall grown high as we want. Will you be pleased to allow me to ask your per-

sonal health? I would be glad to hear that you are well. I am well by the help of God I am still living in this few minutes. I am ready to hear from you soon."

* * *

HERE's hoping the sky will be the limit on the altitude of Mr. Duku's business. We are glad to inform him that we are all well, and that we trust the good health he was enjoying at the moment of composition of his letter continues. We haven't been able to find his town on the map, but that is certainly the fault of the map. The postmark is plain enough—"Beyin, Gold Coast, 9:40 AM JU 3-1925"—and the letter came through Axim, Gold Coast, where an industrious postal clerk back-stamped it.

* * *

ARTHUR E. McELROY, Commander of U. S. Marine Post of New York City, writes: "Re your paragraph in the June 5th issue about Comrades Whitley and Woofter, the youthful post commanders and ex-gobs. Once more the gobs are beaten by a Marine, if you will excuse his forwardness in telling about himself instead of following tradition and having it told to him. I was elected post commander of this outfit for my first term at the age of twenty-two years and five months, and am now serving my second term. At present I am slightly older than both of the gobs, but back in my palmy days two years ago, when I was a young fellow, I did have them beaten by a slight margin."

* * *

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SEVENTH NATIONAL CONVENTION

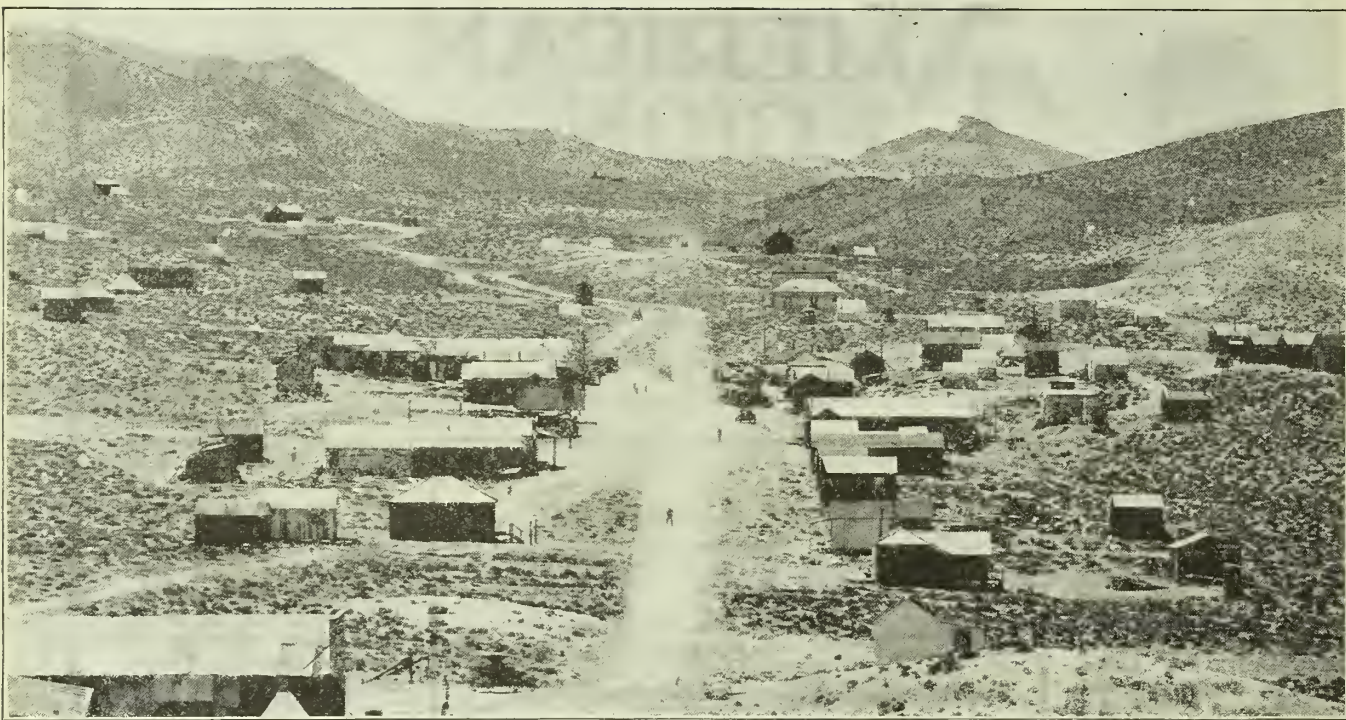
OMAHA

OCTOBER 5th to 9th

WE are glad to print Buddy McElroy's letter, but we still think the cup—if anybody feels like offering one—should go to Lewis E. Woofter, Commander of Clay County Post of Clay, West Virginia. Woofter was twenty-three on June 19th. And Bernarr E. Whitley, Commander of Betowski-Van Demark Post of Waverly, New York, is still runner-up—he was twenty-three in May. It was easier to be a post commander at twenty-three or even twenty-two last year than it is this year, and next year it's going to be hard as the very blazes. McElroy certainly rates a place in the group, which gives the New-York Department two places out of three. Any other candidates?

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Born in the age of gasoline instead of the age of alcohol, Gilbert, Nevada, scene of the newest gold rush, is not the nightmare of bad men, booze and gambling it would have been had it been born a few generations ago. Its 1925-model Main Street is but the shadow of Roaring Camp, but the town has a glamour and romance of its own, nevertheless

A Gold Camp Without a Two-Gun Man

By PHILIP
VON BLON

A NEW gold camp has blazed into sight in the desert of southern Nevada, a brilliant comet in midst of the constellation of dead and dying mining towns of a generation ago, and a world which still remembers the glory of Goldfield is turning its eyes upon new-born Gilbert, where wealth lies in the rocks on the mountain tops and men blast and dig for hoped-for treasure hoards far underground.

Aladdin-like the town of Gilbert is taking form on cactus-covered hillsides as the glow of surface gold draws hither the mobile army of the world's treasure-hunters. Into Gilbert have tramped the desert prospectors, the scouts and foot soldiers of the mining industry, lean and rugged men with minds full of kindled hopes and eyes alight with everlasting dreams. Into Gilbert also have come the pioneers of frontier business, the far-seeing followers of all mining booms who rush to stake out town lots and put up hotels and false-front stores with the vision of a future metropolis always before them. And into Gilbert too have come the brokers and speculators, swarming like moths to an arc-light, trading briskly in the shares of a hundred and one newly-formed mining corporations whose assets so far are, chiefly saffron hopes.

So it happens that Gilbert, less than nine months old, is already a flourish-

ing town, with every foot of ground along its indefinite streets and every foot of ground in the hills and canyons for miles around already held by those who hope to profit by Gilbert's promised future greatness. Those who come to Gilbert now must come with capital and deal with those who came first. What Gilbert's greatness will be depends upon the efforts of the men who are now sinking shafts and boring tunnels in the hope of finding the fabulously-rich ore which the gold-streaked rocks of the surface have led them to expect underground. Gilbert grows now on hopes. If, on one of these summer days, word should come from the shafts and tunnels that the richer ore has been found or that free gold has come to sight under the miners' picks, Gilbert may become overnight the dream metropolis that it hopes to be. Until such time, Gilbert goes right on growing and hoping; the practical mining men keep on blasting and tunneling; the business men go on putting up new store buildings and the brokers go on selling stock.

Gilbert today would be disappointing to the man who holds the stereotyped vision of the mining boom town of a

generation ago—the man who thinks of the Klondyke, Goldfield in its roaring days, Leadville, with its splendors of cosmopolitanism and extravagance, Virginia City, when the Comstock Lode was pouring forth its millions. For Gilbert was born a generation too late. Standardized America today will not permit even a new boom town in the wilderness to develop the wild individuality which gold-excited crowds gave to the camps of a generation ago. Prohibition and the automobile make of Gilbert merely a detached segment of the world beyond the deserts, and law and order go hand in hand with the postoffice and the filling station.

Gilbert acquired the stamp of modernity on the day when the Yosemite Garage on Main Street proudly proclaimed that it offered free air for inflating tires. Its conformity was guaranteed when its first church came—a mail-order building shipped in small sections from the East and set up, doors and windows and belfry, with screws. One thinks that the only fitting name for it would be the First Portable Presbyterian Church. Anyway, Otis L. Linn, Field Secretary for the Presbyterian Church in Nevada, says it will be used until the growth of the town justifies the erection of a permanent structure. Then the sectional church will be taken down as rapidly as it was put up, loaded on a motor truck and hauled to a new field.

The Catholic Church also is erecting a chapel on a lot donated by the men whose gold discovery made Gilbert, and Father A. Gavin, pastor of the Goldfield Catholic Church, will serve the new congregation.

Meanwhile the road from Tonopah to Gilbert—thirty-one miles of desert sand and grades through the mountain passes, a very good road, indeed—is traversed by swift-moving motor trucks and automobiles, bringing the materials upon which Gilbert grows and the visitors from whom the town draws its population increase. Tonopah is Gilbert's railroad terminal, and the Tonopah and Goldfield Railroad provides one train a day to and from the outer world over hundreds of miles of desert line.

It is the automobile which furnishes Gilbert's strength and life's blood. The trucks which plow Gilbertward through the sands carry small houses and store buildings, ready-made, snatched from their foundations in the extinct or stagnant towns of the desert to be set down along Gilbert's Main Street.

Main Street is wide and well-surfaced, a thoroughfare distinguished from the hills only by its tracks and the lines of its buildings on either side. It slopes gently upward from the lower valley, where it parts at right angles with the road from Tonopah, and after its brief course of the town's center plunges through a winding pass to the hills beyond where scores of claims are being worked.

The town itself is a cluster of one-storied buildings bisected by Main Street. Above and all about the slope on which it lies loom the high and rounded hills, enigmatic in their barrenness. Along these hills are tiny buildings which mark the spots where the miners are driving their shafts and



Inspecting rock specimens is a favorite indoor and outdoor pastime in Gilbert, and this photograph shows what happens when someone brings in a chunk of yellow-streaked ore somewhat out of the ordinary. The structure in the background is Gilbert's largest office building, in which there are never any kicks about the elevator service

tunnels into the earth. The constant clattering of carpenters' hammers among the frame work of new buildings which are shooting up on either side of Main Street is punctuated by the roar of dynamite in near-by shafts or the dull booms of the explosions in the tunnels far under the hills. Everywhere one senses growth and sees its visible evidences.

In another age, Gilbert in its cradle days would have been a seething town by day and by night a nightmare of

bad men, bad women, bad music and bad liquor, with two-gun men swaggering in and out of gambling dens and dance halls. Had it been born earlier, it would have been built up first with saloons and boarding houses, and brazen blond-haired—too blond-haired—hussies would have appeared magically with the first red-bearded miners. The gold that came easily would have been spent wildly, hastily, drunkenly.

But gone are the old days of Goldfield and Comstock and Bodie. The stage settings and the actors have changed. Even in southern Nevada, the last stronghold of the old West, the spirit of chastened modernity grips the boom camp, and excitement and drunkenness have come to Gilbert only in the memories of the survivors of the gold rushes of many years ago. Today, sober men, intoxicated only with optimism at times perhaps, are steadily building a new town prosaically, and anyone who mourns the passing of the old days must still marvel at the rapidity with which the new day rings its changes.

The buildings along Main Street in Gilbert testify to the confidence of the town's builders in its future. It is altogether fitting that the Yosemite Garage should be the town's largest building. It stands, with its red-painted gasoline pump as its sentinel, at the point where one turns into Gilbert from the Tonopah road, and looking at its length and breadth and height one realizes how much material had to be transported thirty miles across the desert to make it possible.

By day Gilbert is just a thriving town, with many more people on its streets, many more cars parked along the roadway and many more persons in its tiny stores than one would



Gilbert gold is not in nuggets, and it is not taken from the sands of stream beds. Prospectors search for ledges bearing favorable signs, chip off samples of rock and pulverize them with mortar and pestle. They wash the pulverized rock in the frying pan—symbol of the prospector's art since the days of '49. If gold flakes gravitate to the lower end of the pan the prospector determines whether the gold content is sufficient to justify taking out the ore in quantity for shipment to the mills

find in an older town of the West. Desert prospectors stroll shoulder to shoulder with mining engineers and leather-leggined and knickerbockered prospective investors who have just arrived to look the town over.

Midway along Main Street stands an unpainted one-story frame building, with the largest piece of plate glass in town set in its front and the label

may buy a ready-made house or have a rock specimen analyzed.

In front of this center—every bit as important in its setting as the Woolworth Building in New York or the Wrigley Building in Chicago—assemble prospectors, would-be investors and all the foot-loose population whenever someone comes in from the workings with a new sample of rock that seems

hauls the water fourteen miles from the nearest springs and stores it in a galvanized tank five feet in diameter. Water in Gilbert is as precious as it is aboard a sailing vessel in the tropics. But there aren't any lawns to be watered in Gilbert.

Gilbert has its laundry, however—"work called for and delivered". A dance hall and a motion picture theater

"Have another" sounds good to Maurice Sullivan, Lieutenant Governor of Nevada, at Gilbert's water tank. When the price of water went from three to five cents a gallon recently, customers of the bath tub, located in the town's only barber shop, were notified they must supply their own cleaning fluid



"United States Postoffice" proudly painted above its door. On one side of the postoffice is the home of the *Gilbert Record*, the town's newspaper, founded in Gilbert's early months by F. F. Garside, a transplanted Iowan, who came to Nevada in earlier mine boom days and became the publisher of the *Tonopah Times*. Each week, the *Gilbert Record* is printed in the Tonopah newspaper's plant and rushed by motor car thirty miles across the desert to its subscribers.

On the other side of the postoffice is Gilbert's principal "office building", another one-storied building of tar-paper construction in which the Sheriff holds forth beside the brokerage office of George W. Allen, a past commander of Tonopah Post of The American Legion. In this same building, with its frontage of only thirty feet, one learns from the signs, are the offices of an architect and builder, the headquarters of the town's wood and coal and transfer magnate and the terminus of the Tonopah-Gilbert Stage Line. Here also one

unusual. Here, on short notice, an expert will grind a sample of ore to dust with mortar and pestle and wash the dust in the familiar frying pan of the prospector. Most often, flakes of gold will gravitate to the tip of the sand in the frying pan as the washing is done, for it is easy to get gold showings from surface rocks in many parts of the hills. The mortar and pestle, the frying pan and the galvanized iron wash-tub—these are Gilbert's symbols. You find them at the mouth of every shaft and in front of every store almost. And wherever there is a frying pan, there are men who can make it do its stuff.

Up the street from the office building, Roy Abel conducts his barber shop, with a plush-upholstered chair that tilts backward in regulation fashion. Abel's shop gives baths as a profitable sideline, but recently when the price of water in Gilbert rose from three cents a gallon to five, all bath customers were notified that they must furnish their own water. The town's water magnate is E. G. Taylor. He

already flourish in the "high rent district", where tiny lots have been changing hands at \$500 and upward. The Mammoth Club is Gilbert's Delmonico, the successor of the Palace Hotel of the mining camps of another day, and at noon it serves a surprisingly good lunch for a surprisingly low price, considering the fact that every pound of meat and every loaf of bread and every bit of vegetable has to be hauled so far across the desert. Here one finds home-made pies are more popular than staple doughnuts. But for the thirsty, the card offers only a choice of a dozen kinds of bottled grape drinks and carbonated beverages of one sort or another. It is just the same kind of a restaurant one would find on Main Street in Sycamore, Ohio, or Westfield, Massachusetts, but finding it in Gilbert, thirty miles from a railroad, one sees again that all America is now a continuous Main Street.

Gilbert, though sober, has not lacked the thrills of prohibition which give a
(Continued on page 20)



The new National Headquarters building of The American Legion at Indianapolis as it appeared on June 17th during the ceremonies attending its formal presentation by the people of the State of Indiana, the county of Marion and the city of Indianapolis. It was constructed as the first of a group of buildings to be erected on a \$10,000,000 World War Memorial Plaza and in fulfillment of a pledge given to the Legion at its First National Convention in Minneapolis six years ago when Indianapolis was selected as the National Headquarters city. National Commander James A. Drain formally accepted the building in the name of the Legion after it had been tendered by Governor Ed Jackson of Indiana

The Legion's New Home Is Open for Business

IF this is really the threshold of the age of aerial travel, the dawn of the day when Americans will go from city to city in huge planes or dirigibles, let the Legionnaire who plans to visit Indianapolis, his national headquarters city, prepare his eyes for the fairest Legion sight he will see from the skies.

He will see a great quadrangle of landscaped trees and shrubbery and green open spaces from which loom, gleamingly white, the walls and towers of monumental buildings—a quadrangle five blocks long and a block wide sharply defined in a setting that is the heart of the city of Indianapolis.

This quadrangle, ornamented with its gleaming buildings, will be the

World War Memorial Plaza, now being developed at a cost of \$10,000,000 jointly by the State of Indiana, the county of Marion and the city of Indianapolis. Its completion will mark the fulfillment of a pledge given to The American Legion at its first national convention in Minneapolis six years ago. In 1919, when Indianapolis won at Minneapolis the spirited contest for the honor of being the Legion's national headquarters, her spokesmen promised to build for the Legion the finest memorial home in America. The War Memorial Plaza is the direct product of that promise.

On June 17th The American Legion formally received from the representatives of State and county and city the

magnificent new building on the Memorial Plaza which it will occupy as its national home—the center from which all the Legion's national affairs will be carried on. In the presence of the Legion's National Executive Committee—fifty-seven members representing every State in the Union and the territories and foreign countries in which the Legion flourishes—the new national headquarters building, the first of the imposing group of structures to be erected on the plaza, was dedicated to its future use. Governor Ed Jackson of Indiana formally presented the building to the Legion in the name of the people who gave it, and National Commander James A. Drain, formally accepting the building for the Legion,

pledged to the people who gave it that it should be used for all the years to come in carrying out noble and beneficent purposes.

The ceremony marking the formal presentation of the building to the Legion marks the opening of a new epoch in the Legion's affairs. It was appropriate that the dedication should have been held immediately following the mid-year meeting of the Legion's National Executive Committee at which were confirmed the Legion's hopes of success in its efforts to raise a permanent Endowment Fund of \$5,000,000 for carrying on its work for disabled service men and the orphans of veterans. Reports presented to the National Executive Committee showed that more than \$2,000,000 of the total amount sought had already been raised, although the campaign had not been fully developed in many States, mostly in the East, which are most important from the standpoint of wealth and population. With this fact seemingly assuring the final success of the Endowment effort, the spirit of the Executive Committee's meeting was in harmony with the natural spirit engendered by the holding of that meeting in the new building.

This same spirit was reflected in the addresses made during the presentation ceremonies. After the massed flags and the standards of all the departments had been carried in parade and had been placed as an effective background to the platform on which the ceremonies were held, Governor Jackson, opening his address, said:

"I wish that I might express the honor which the people of Indiana feel in their hearts in presenting to the greatest patriotic organization the world has ever seen a permanent memorial where its members may carry

on in service for those who made the great sacrifice."

And National Commander Drain, in the course of his response, said:

"The American Legion, which was born of the World War to make available to our country and the world all of good which could come out of the war, which has for its first ideal, intention and practice, service to God and country in peace as its members served God and country in war, accepts, Mr. Governor, from your hands this building to be its permanent home—this splendid building which shall always be, so long as there is an American Legion, its central office and the place from which its almost 12,000 posts, located all over the length and breadth of this land, shall be directed in their efforts in aid of community, state and nation."

THE dedication ceremonies were interrupted by a heavy rainstorm immediately after National Commander Drain had finished his address, and other addresses, by Mrs. O. D. Oliphant, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, and George Dobson, Chef de Chemin de Fer of the Forty and Eight, were given inside the building. Reverend Joseph Loneragan, the Legion's National Chaplain, brought the ceremony to a close with a dedicatory prayer.

In addition to the members of the National Executive Committee and former national officers, a large number of Legionnaires from Indiana towns and cities and from other States attended the dedication ceremonies and the public inspection of the building which followed the ceremonies.

The new building is not only imposing monumentally and architecturally;

it also embodies in its every appointment and arrangement ideal suitability for the practical uses it will serve. Constructed of white Indiana limestone, four stories high, it has the noble yet simple lines of a Grecian temple. The photograph of the dedication ceremony accompanying this article gives an adequate impression of the façade fronting on Meridian Street.

The four floors of the building are divided into office rooms for the divisions of national headquarters of both The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary. On the fourth floor is the large chamber set aside for meetings of the National Executive Committee. It is arranged in the form of a senate chamber, the rostrum with the National Commander's chair occupying a stage, hung with velvet curtains, in the rear. The Commander's chair is a massive piece, of ornate workmanship, bearing a great Legion emblem in tooled leather. All desks and chairs of committeemen bear the emblazoned seals of their States. The carpeting is of blue and the draperies are of blue velvet. The furniture of this room, as throughout the building, is of American walnut.

In the executive suite, cases will be placed for rare trophies and souvenirs of the World War. This room will be open to the public. The original of "America," the symbolic painting by Reni-Mel, official artist of the French Ministry of War, created as an expression of gratitude to America for coming to the aid of stricken France, will be hung in the reception room of the executive suite.

The national headquarters building stands in the northwest corner of the Memorial Plaza. Meridian Street, fronting it, is the show street of Indianapolis. (Continued on page 16)



An historic Legion moment: The opening of the first session of The American Legion's National Executive Committee to be held in the new National Headquarters building in Indianapolis. Representatives of departments in fifty-seven States, territories and foreign countries attended the two days' meeting. National Commander Drain is shown standing in the center of the group on the stage. The committee took part in the building dedication ceremonies

New *and* Retiring National Officers of the Legion



Russell G. Creviston retires as National Adjutant on July 31st, completing a record of six years of conspicuous Legion service which began at the First National Convention in Minneapolis. Known widely for his organization genius, Mr. Creviston has been selected as Field Secretary for the War Mothers Memorial Association, which plans to erect at Washington a memorial to the mothers of service men of all our wars



James F. Barton, who succeeds Mr. Creviston as National Adjutant, served six years as Adjutant of the Department of Iowa. Under his guidance the Iowa Department maintained consistently high standing in leadership, membership and general accomplishment, a fact which influenced National Commander Drain in recommending Mr. Barton to the National Executive Committee to assume the office of National Adjutant

Garland W. Powell, after five years of Legion service, the last two as Director of the National Americanism Commission, retires on July 15th to become identified with the organization and administration of the Woodrow Wilson Memorial College at Valdosta, Georgia. Mr. Powell has become widely known through the numerous Legion activities he has originated and guided to advance national ideals and the spirit of patriotism



Dr. Frank Clay Cross comes from the faculty of the Colorado School of Mines to succeed Mr. Powell as Director of the National Americanism Commission. He achieved fame through his work in the nationally known "opportunity school" in Denver. His selection for the national post was made after a large number of other outstanding Legionnaires had been considered. The National Executive Committee approved the choice

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

Midsummer Night's Dream

A CITIZEN of Fall River, Massachusetts, breaks the monotony of a summer full of hot weather, earthquakes, train wrecks and automobile slaughter by calling upon the American people to undertake the organization of a United States of an undivided North America—a United States reaching from the Panama Canal to the North Pole. "Let The American Legion, the Chambers of Commerce and other patriotic organizations and persons call the attention of the public to this subject," the Fall River unifier requests in a circular. "Let us invite Canada and Mexico to join the United States."

All right, let's! The first question of detail in our glorious get-together movement will be prohibition. Being so thoroughly internally united on this subject, it will of course be easy for us to persuade our northern and southern neighbors that the time is ripe for them to abandon their drinking habits. Give up Scotch and Gordon Gin and beer with a kick in it and get in return a certificate of naturalization from a strictly-sober super-United States! What Canadian wouldn't jump at the chance? What languorous Mexican wouldn't abandon his pulque to become a citizen of the non-alcoholic expanded commonwealth?

There is at least one disadvantage which would result from the combination. With Mexico an integral part of America Plus, as the new nation might well be christened, there would be no excuse for any interchange of notes. The only official mail which could reasonably go out of Washington to the new State of Mexico, apart from Congressional seed packets, would be the President's annual Thanksgiving proclamation, translated, of course, into Spanish. Or would our new citizens be given six months in which to become masters of English?

The prospect is an entrancing one. Every sluggish summer imagination must rebound to the Fall River appeal. The time is ripe. Do it now. Of course there are a few little world puzzles still awaiting attention which perhaps ought to be settled first. There's the question of keeping Europe from starting another world war, for instance. And there's the question of Chinese uprisings, threatening to disturb the peace in the Pacific. It might be well, also, to settle this bootlegger business before drawing up the final papers for the consolidation of the three countries.

After all, why bother to do anything about this super-nation problem when we don't even know yet whether Pittsburgh or New York or somebody else will lead the National League at the end of the season?

All In a Day's Work

THE guardianship situation affecting mentally afflicted veterans and the minor children of deceased veterans has improved within the past six months. The credit is due to the Veterans Bureau, which in its turn testifies to the helpful assistance of the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion and of Legion posts and individual Legionnaires.

Six months ago the state of affairs was serious and shameful. The Veterans Bureau was not at fault. The Veterans Bureau cannot pay compensation into the hands of mentally disabled veterans or children who are entitled to receive it. Such payments must be made to the legal guardians of such beneficiaries. The Government has no

legal control over the appointment of such guardians or over their official conduct. But the Government was obliged to pay over to them punctually each month the compensation due their wards. In hundreds of cases the wards suffered by this arrangement. They received no benefits, or small benefits, from the money paid over. Guardians were ignorant, careless, incompetent and corrupt. Some of them amassed tidy fortunes at the expense of afflicted widows and orphans.

The Veterans Bureau's first move was to obtain legislation permitting it to withhold payments from guardians who were not giving proper accountings of their responsibilities. The assistance of the Legion was enlisted to obtain this legislation—more than a year ago. Then the Guardianship Division of the Bureau was organized and guardianship officers appointed whose activities embrace the entire United States. They began work about six months ago. It was a new and untried activity. The limitations imposed by law on the guardianship officers are sharply defined. They can investigate a case and produce legally admissible evidence where a veteran's or an orphan's guardian is unfaithful to or negligent of his trust. But only a local court can call that guardian to an accounting or remove him. The Veterans Bureau has no funds to enable its guardianship officers to engage attorneys to appear in court.

That is where the Legion posts and Legionnaires come in. The guardianship officer who has worked up a case takes it to a local Legion post. In all probability the post has a lawyer member who is willing to act in the interests of an unfortunate comrade or a comrade's orphan. All he has to do is to exercise his privilege as a member of the bar and go into court and produce the evidence rounded up by the Government guardianship officer. This has been done in many cases, with the result that the knowledge of this sort of watchfulness has spread and some guardians have set out to rectify matters without being called up on the carpet.

The National Rehabilitation Committee of the Legion receives many letters from Legion posts saying it has been reported to them that the guardian of Veteran So-and-So is not properly administering the affairs of his ward. A question of procedure is asked. That is testimony to Legion service for you. Someone hears that an unfortunate veteran's interests are being prejudiced. He informs the Legion as a matter of course. He has the feeling that the Legion will make things right. Properly so. The clearing of this guardianship snarl represents another Legion job getting done—all as a part of the day's work.

❖ ❖ ❖

All students completing the course, declares a circular from a correspondence school for burglars, can take things easy the rest of their lives.

❖ ❖ ❖

Naturalists say that the honey bee never goes straight to the heart of a flower. But a picnic ant loses no time getting between the layers of a chocolate cake.

❖ ❖ ❖

With the advent of the resort season it can now be definitely stated that five out of every ten radio enthusiasts have named their summer cottages "Listening Inn."

❖ ❖ ❖

Pedestrians will enjoy a well-earned chuckle some day when a bus and a gravel truck attempt to pass an old-fashioned barrel wagon and a load of hay on a narrow road at the same time.

❖ ❖ ❖

Claims are made that Pullman airplanes will not differ much from rail Pullmans. At least they will probably be similar in the respect that the water from the "Hot" tap in the washroom will be cold.



Where *the* Third Stepped Off

By JOHN J. NOLL



The Chateau de la Coq (below) as it appeared to infantrymen of the Third Division on July 21, 1918, when the enemy began his forced evacuation of the Chateau-Thierry salient. The building had been a German headquarters and the unwelcome guests were evicted by American shells, although part of the destruction shown was due to time bombs left by the enemy. The upper photograph, showing the rehabilitated chateau, was taken a few weeks ago from the very spot where three Yankee soldiers were killed by machine gunners located in the building. Behind the chateau appear the roofs of the village of Jaulgonne

IT was seven years ago, during the third German offensive of 1918, which began on May 27th, that the first unit of the Third Division came into contact with the enemy. On the afternoon of May 31st the Seventh or Divisional Machine Gun Battalion of that division, motorized, rushed up to assist the French troops to prevent the advancing Germans from crossing the bridge over the Marne at Château-Thierry. The fact that the Third Division was at this time parceled out among French units accounts for the fact that the division was not mentioned along with the First and Second in General Pershing's General Order commending the actions of American troops in this Marne fighting.

From May 31st to June 4th, while the Seventh Machine Gun Battalion was making its stand at Château-Thierry, other units of the division were guarding and improving other crossings of the Marne along an ex-

tensive front both east and west of the city. When this front became semi-stable during June, elements of the Third Division gradually consolidated in a sector with a front of approximately ten kilometers from Château-Thierry east to the Jaulgonne bend in the Marne. The division suffered much from enemy harassing fire during the period preceding the fourth German offensive, which proved to be the last enemy offensive of the World War.

On July 15th the enemy made its last desperate attempt to break through the Allied lines, the extreme right of the attack falling in the sector of the Third Division, which was in position along the Jaulgonne bend, with the 12th French Division on the right and the 39th French Division on the left, with the 28th United States Division

in reserve. The enemy attempted no crossing of the Marne opposite the Fourth Infantry of the Third near Chierry and Blèsmes, but crossings were made at Le Chailly Farm, in front of the Seventh Infantry, at Mézy opposite the 30th Infantry and along the stretch of the river between Mézy and Jaulgonne, along the front of the 38th Infantry.

The first stage of this battle lasted three days and three nights and ended with the Germans falling back across the Marne in broken disorder. The road to Paris had been effectively blocked. By July 20th the fighting in the vicinity of Jaulgonne and along the line was at a standstill.

On July 18th Marshal Foch began the offensive between the Aisne and

(Continued on page 15)

Now You Tell One

By Wallgren



A PERSONAL PAGE

by Frederick Palmer

The United States expects to reduce taxation by \$400,000,000 next year; the Legion asked only \$5,000,000 for the Endowment Fund. Last year the Paris race tracks took in over a billion francs; the French government is not yet collecting enough taxes to pay its expenses and some Frenchmen say that France is too poor to pay her debts. The Germans are worried lest they shall never be able to meet the Dawes plan payments; Berlin offered the largest stake on record to get a Dempsey fight.

By Way of Contrast

Here is a mystery that interests everybody who has been under arms. We have been told that the airplane by flying low with raking machine-gun fire and dropping gas and explosive bombs would make savage or semi-civilized troops, without heavy artillery, anti-aircraft guns and fighting planes, as sheep for easy slaughter.

Tell Us, General Mitchell

The Riff tribesmen have none of these adjuncts. Yet, despite all the planes that the French have in Morocco, the Riffs have been giving the French army a hot time as they have dodged among the boulders of their hills and ducked into dug-outs. Again the event has proved that man is a small object on the landscape and very agile and the cunningest of all animals. To hit him you have to locate him; and to hit a number of him a number have to be together and exposed.

The Riffs are not there when the planes come, but they are there sniping viciously from cover when the planes are gone. All doughboys who have been told that the infantry is obsolete better keep on learning how to shoot. Which is not saying that we don't need planes. We do.

Here is one of the best letters I have received for a long time. It comes from a man who is doing all he can but wants to learn how to do more. His is a big spirit. He has more to teach me than I have to teach him although, as he implies, I have more schooling than he has. I may have of one kind, but I am not sure that his is not a much better kind.

No Satisfying Him

"Suppose you write something in your page that will put life into our little posts," begins J. O. H., Commander of Coy-Catlin Post of Carson, Washington. At this beginning I swelled up and thought I would write a grand preachment.

"January 1, '25," he goes on, "we had twenty members. All good fellows. None better. And in a way they're rustlers. We went after new members, and, to date, have forty-four. Every durned ex-service man in our neck of the woods belongs to our post."

No use of telling him how to make a membership drive. He has all the members possible, but he is not content with this. In fact, J. O. H. is gloomy when others in his position might have been inclined to send a telegram of triumph to the President, General Pershing and the National Commander and to sit back in a rocking chair as he remarked: "Fan me, please, bring me ice cream, and pin medals on my breast as fast as they arrive."

"We have an Auxiliary that's good, and they're good cooks, good every way. We have social dances and feeds

and all that sort of thing. We have made a little money. But somehow we can't seem to get them out at our regular meetings.

"About eighty percent of our members did not see France. Perhaps that has something to do with their being a bit slow. Would it be asking too much for you to use some of your fast talking words so as to make the gang shake a leg and get together at eight p. m.? I've a fair list of plain and fancy words, but when it comes to building a talk that gets under the skin, sort of like French itch, I'm lost. If you don't care to fuss up your page that way, how about your writing us something in a letter that would make them rather beat their wives than have to miss a meeting?"

Well, his plain and fancy words are leading me to fuss up this page with a long paragraph. He is the kind who, after the first, second and third enemy lines had been taken, would say, "Let's get a move on. We're not to Berlin yet."

I don't want any member to beat up his wife but take her along to the Auxiliary—or that she take him along. Perhaps those Carson wives who give such good feeds make homes so comfortable for Carson members that they hold their Legion meetings at home.

What makes me want to indulge in some very fast talking concerns the excuse of not having been in France. As well might a man who was in France say: "That let's me out. I have nothing more to do." Having tasted the metal of the Americans who were on the other side the Germans quit when they heard that millions more who had trained equally well were coming. Those who were overseas and those who were not now have the common duty and aim which make them one.

I cannot help J. O. H. He knows his job too well. I publish his letter to show small posts that the way to success is never to say "Enough!" If all posts did as well as Carson the membership of the Legion would be over four million.

J. O. H. does not mention what the average attendance of Carson meetings is. Perhaps he considers any meeting a failure when the whole forty-four do not show up, although distances are long and roads bad. Maybe the percentage is much larger than in city posts where the members have only to board a street car.

I am as dissatisfied with this page because I cannot make it what I want it to be as J. O. H. is with the attendance at post meetings. I ask the Carson post or any other post to tell me how to make it what I want it to be. Never say "Enough!" when you are thinking in terms of progress. And not "enough" members attend the Carson Post meetings. The way to attend is to attend.

A school teacher is on trial in Tennessee for teaching evolution, which is against state law. Laws should be enforced. The people of a State

No Bitterness, Please

have a right to say how their offspring shall be taught in state schools. But this teacher, or anybody else, has a right as an individual to express any views he chooses about the origin of man. Only let there be no bitterness. A big fight against malaria is on in Tennessee as in many other Southern States. There should be no dissension in supporting that.

Mr. Reppert: A Stirring Drama in Two Acts

By ROBERT
MOUNTSIER

ACT 1.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

A Wounded Soldier.

A Writer.

Time: The last Sunday in July, 1918.

*Place: A room, once Madame's bon-
doir, in the apartment
house off the Avenue du
Bois du Boulogne, turned
into Base Hospital No. 2,
"Colonel Blake's."*

WRITER: So you're from
Connellsville! I'm from
the western part of Pennsylvania too.

SOLDIER: We'll have to shake on
that. Anyway, I've got one arm left
for shaking, and the one I haven't got
has left me kind of shaky. On our
front the Heinies celebrated Bastille
Day with a special bombardment, and
they kept it up the morning after,
when they got me while I was digging
a trench—got my left arm with a piece
of mustard shell and my back and hair
with the gas that arrived with it.

WRITER: What outfit were you
with?

SOLDIER: Company M, 112th In-
fantry. We came over on the Aquitania
a couple of months ago after we had
put in a bunch of training at Camp
Lee. After Liverpool and Calais had
given us the once over, we were put
into training quarters just outside of
Paris. All we saw of this Gay Paree
was the outskirts, the Eiffel Tower
miles away, and some air raids. When
we had got used to war by reading the
Paris Herald we went up to Château-
Thierry by degrees. That's all.

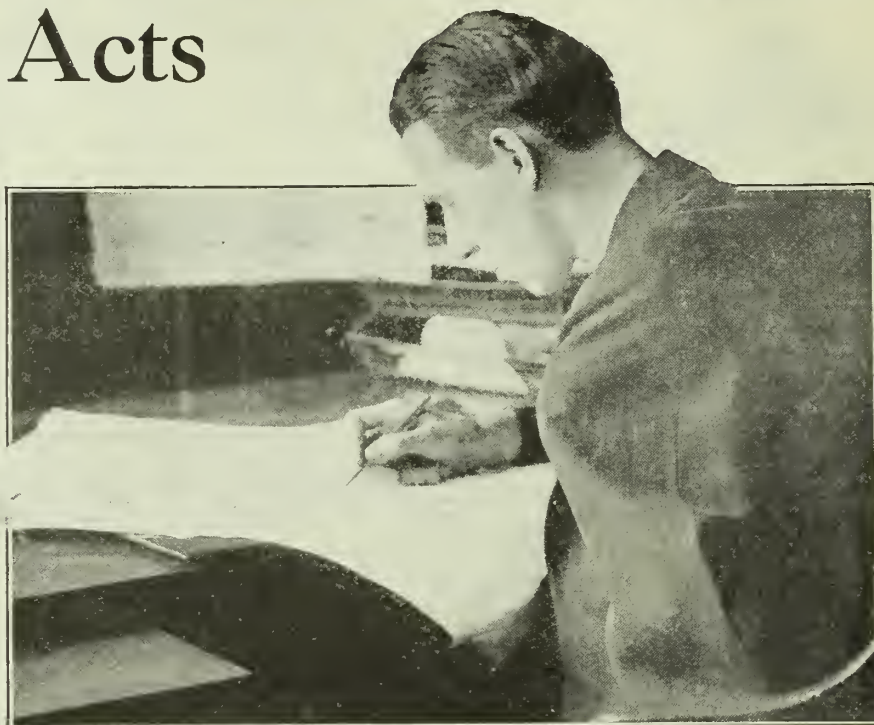
WRITER: That's almost as short as
your hair. Don't you people from Con-
nellsville have any hair?

SOLDIER: We grow the best hair in
the U. S. A. at Connellsville, but just
now I'm in the Mexican hairless pup
class, thanks to the excellent brand of
mustard gas the Germans are serving.
Wait till I get back to Connellsville
and I'll show something.

WRITER: From all I ever heard I
thought your town produced nothing
but coke. What did you do before you
went to work for a dollar a day for
Uncle Sam—put the holes in Connell-
sville coke?

SOLDIER: Nothing as easy as that.
After getting through high school in
1914 I worked in a men's furnishing
store as clerk and window trimmer. In
January, 1917, I changed off to picking
oranges in Florida, and then I went to
work as a labor foreman in a steel mill
at Connellsville.

WRITER: Some jump from Florida
orange groves and Connellsville steel
to German shells and a Paris apart-
ment house! I'll see you again—
what's your name?



Howard Reppert lost an arm at Château-Thierry, and that was his ticket of
admission through the Veterans Bureau to vocational training in the School of
Business Administration of the University of Pittsburgh. He's an advertising
layout and copy man now for a big Pittsburgh department store

SOLDIER: Reppert, Howard Rep-
pert.

WRITER: Any relation of the Rep-
perts in Belle Vernon?

SOLDIER: Yes, do you know any of
them?

WRITER: Only by name, but my
family knows them. I'll write and tell
them about seeing you.

ACT 2.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

An Advertising Man

A Writer.

Time: A cold day in February, 1925.

*Place: Advertising department of
Boggs and Buhl's store, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

WRITER: Mr. Reppert?

AD MAN: Yes.

WRITER: I was told that you could
give me some information about—
aren't you the Reppert I met in Colonel
Blake's hospital in Paris in July, 1918?

REPPERT: Yes.

WRITER: Quite a change in you
since then, even though you haven't a
new left arm. You have put on weight,
color and hair since I last saw you
thin, pale and hairless in Paris. It's
good to see you again under such dif-
ferent circumstances. What happened
to you in Paris? How soon did you get
back to the States?

REPPERT: From Number 2 they
sent me to St. Nazaire, and from there
I was shipped back to the United States
in November. Then they kept me in
Walter Reed till March 18, 1919. From
September of 1919 till August, 1923, I
had vocational training at the Univer-
sity of Pittsburgh, in the School of

Business Administration. Through my
university work I became interested in
writing and advertising. In the sum-
mer of 1922 I took a six weeks' course
in advertising at Columbia, and I was
editor of "The Pitt Panther" and col-
laborated in the annual play in 1923.
When my vocational training was end-
ed, I started in with the Fuller Brush
Company to keep going until I found
just what I wanted. In March of last
year I came to the advertising depart-
ment of Boggs and Buhl and have been
here ever since.

WRITER: What is your special
work?

REPPERT: Preparing ads and lay-
out.

WRITER: Do you get much of a kick
out of the work?

REPPERT: I guess there isn't any
other work that I'd enjoy nearly as
much. There's quite a chance for a
fellow to show his ideas in this work,
and as in newspaper reporting there's
always something new to thrill you,
no matter how long you stay at it.
I certainly like my work, and hope to
stay at it a long time.

WRITER: I'm glad it's a different
kind of lay-out from the last time I
saw you. By the way, where did you
get the wig?

REPPERT: Raised it myself. After
I had gone around a while with the
funny fuzz that followed the hairless
state caused by mustard gas, I decided
that no hair was better than the baby
down, so I had it shaved off. Presto,
this bumper crop of hair which has to
be harvested regularly in the usual
way—not a bad ad for German mus-
tard gas, eh?

Where *the* Third Stepped Off

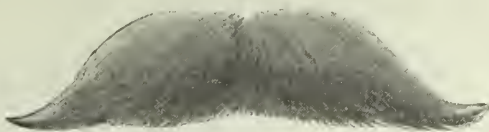
(Continued from page 11)

the Ourcq to crush in the west face of the Château-Thierry salient. The First and Second American Divisions were part of the spearpoint of this action. The success of this forward movement caused the enemy to plan a withdrawal to the Ourcq.

Fighting for the Third Division men was not yet finished in the sector where it had met the German offensive and sent the enemy back in disorder. While the 26th American Division and French divisions were following the enemy's retreat in the corps sector to the left, the Third Division on July 21st took up the pursuit from its station in the Jaulgonne bend. The enemy had withdrawn its forces on July 19th from the south bank of the Marne east of the Third Division's sector before the vigorous blow which had been planned could be launched. Enemy lines south of the river as well as on the north bank had been abandoned on the morning of the 20th. The engineers by working throughout the day under hostile fire succeeded in throwing three floating bridges across the river in addition to a pontoon and a trestle bridge, all of which were used by the infantry on the morning of the 21st. The Fourth Infantry crossed at Château-Thierry and Chierry and the Seventh Infantry at Ru Chailly Farm and Mézy, while the 30th and 38th Infantry Regiments crossed at the head of the Jaulgonne bend.

Just north of the Marne, about a kilometer from the river, lay the town of Jaulgonne. Between the river bank and the edge of the town stood the Château de la Coq, which had been used as a headquarters by the enemy. Most of the hostile tenants of the château were ejected by American shells, but three American soldiers lost their lives from machine-gun bullets fired from the house when the Americans tried to rush it. The enemy finished the work of destruction of the château with a series of time bombs, although no report was made of American lives lost when these bombs were exploded.

The rear guard and artillery of the enemy had the Third Division men under direct fire as they crossed the bridge at Mézy and entered Chartèves. The fighting in the immediate vicinity of Jaulgonne was not severe, but the work was only started, for as the advance continued the following morning, heavy opposition was met along the steep slopes and the narrow creek valleys and in the dense timber. Slow but continuous forward movement was made until the Third Division was on a line extending northwest from the town of Ronchières, where on the afternoon and night of July 29th the Third was relieved by the 32d United States Division. In its fifteen days of incessant fighting the Third Division suffered total casualties of almost six thousand officers and men, of whom 40 officers and 876 enlisted men were killed. The division artillery remained with the American forces along the Ourcq until August 2d, when it, too, was relieved.



This is the awning that overhung Egbert Hinkley's main entrance.



This is Egbert Hinkley, trying to look as if it didn't matter.



This is the utensil in which Egbert Hinkley's morning cup of coffee was brewed.



This is the cup that enabled Egbert Hinkley to avoid the use of a clothes-wringer at meals.

Once it was considered necessary for the head of almost every family to have a special cup, which was provided with a dam and a sluiceway. Thus he could get along without permitting his mustache to come into service as a strainer.

In spite, however, of all artistic efforts to make the mustache cup a thing of beauty, it could not remain a joy forever. Like the mustache spoon, it has become a mere "hairloom."

Overhanging mustaches are no longer being used for decorative purposes, owing largely to the fact that it is possible now for man to shave his upper lip without shedding tears.

COLGATE'S Rapid-Shave Cream

softens the beard at the base, where the razor's work is done. It leaves the face soothed and velvety.

Being a real cream, Colgate's does not roll off the brush. It lathers quickly, needs no mussy rubbing in with the fingers, and makes the use of lotions unnecessary.

Daily shaving has become a business, as well as a social requirement. See coupon attached.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 291, 531 Fifth Avenue, New York.

M. C.

Please send me free trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving.

Name _____

Address _____

The Legion's New Home Is Open for Business

(Continued from page 8)

dianapolis, rapidly being transformed from a street of old family mansions to a street of imposing club and office buildings. North of the building and separated from it by St. Clair Street is the James Whitcomb Riley Memorial Library, another architectural masterpiece of comparatively recent construction.

The library marks the northern border of the Memorial Plaza. The southern boundary is the Federal Building, of approximately the same size as the library and of the same period of architecture. In the five blocks between the Federal Building and the library, the work of razing existing buildings to make way for the additional memorial structures is now under way. The three central blocks of the plaza site are occupied by buildings which must be removed. Somewhere near the old headquarters building of the Legion will rise the Indiana War Memorial, a huge building with columned façades and pyramidal base and top, the dominant structure of the Memorial Plaza group. A companion building to the Legion's will be erected in the northeast corner of the plaza to shelter the Indiana Historical Society. On the lawn between the two buildings will be a cenotaph of marble. Between the two flanking buildings occupied by the Legion and the Indiana Historical Society a spacious mall, bordered by symmetrical avenues of trees, will lead southward to a memorial obelisk.

Marcus Sonntag, President of the Board of Trustees of the Indiana War Memorial Plaza, in an address during the dedication ceremonies at the Legion's building, predicted that the entire plaza, as the architects have visualized it, will be completed within three years.

THE national significance of the dedication of the Legion's building in the presence of executive committeemen from all the States was emphasized when a special committee representing the national body visited the tomb of Thomas R. Marshall and rendered a Legion tribute to the memory of the man who was Vice-President of the United States during the World War period. Past National Commander Henry D. Lindsley delivered an address at Mr. Marshall's tomb and a prayer was offered by Reverend Joseph Lonergan, National Chaplain.

The meeting of the Executive Committee at the time of the dedication was the first meeting held since the work of raising the \$5,000,000 American Legion Endowment Fund was started in all the States. After hearing reports of the favorable progress of the campaign the committee adopted a resolution approving all the work that had been done, and a number of the members of the committee paid tributes to National Commander Drain for his courage in launching and carrying through the campaign in the face of obstacles. After J. Monroe

Johnson, committeeman from South Carolina, had declared that Commander Drain "came to us just at the right time," the entire committee stood up as a testimonial of appreciation.

Commander Drain reported that fifteen States had gone over the top in the Endowment campaign, exceeding the quotas assigned them. News was received during the meeting that Arizona and Wyoming had raised their quotas. The other States over the top were Kentucky, Nebraska, New Mexico, Tennessee, Arkansas, North Dakota, South Dakota, Utah, North Carolina, New Hampshire, Delaware, Florida and Nevada. Commander Drain reported that prospects in practically every other State in which the campaign was in progress left little doubt that the entire amount would be raised before the National Convention at Omaha in October. The total amount reported raised at the time the executive committee assembled was \$2,082,188.10.

COMMANDER DRAIN mentioned particularly the campaigns in the wealthy and populous States of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Ohio, declaring that all the indications were favorable. In Massachusetts, for example, \$262,000 of the \$300,000 quota had been subscribed on June 16th. This sum included a sizable contribution from Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States, credited to Northampton Post of the Legion at Mr. Coolidge's request. The President's contribution was announced to the Executive Committee by Paul J. McGahan, Committeeman from the District of Columbia, who stated that Mr. Coolidge, in presenting his contribution to John Hays Hammond, chairman of the District of Columbia Endowment Campaign Committee, had asked that credit be given to the post in his home town.

Enthusiasm was aroused when it was announced that Nevada, with its small population, had oversubscribed its quota by 25 per cent, when Fred DeV. Sill, Executive Committeeman for the Canal Zone Department, presented a check for \$6,000, representing three times the quota the department had set for itself originally, and finally, when Executive Committeeman O. E. Cain, from New Hampshire, in announcing that his department had raised \$41,480, almost three times the quota assigned it, complained that somebody in fixing quotas had guessed wrong badly on his State.

Richard Seelye Jones, Publicity Director for the Endowment Campaign, stated that the overhead expenses of the Endowment campaign were considerably below the estimates which had been made and he praised the Legionnaires who, recruited for the difficult work of field representatives in charge of campaigns in the various States, had shown exceptional ability.

National Adjutant Russell G. Creviston, as Executive Secretary of the En-

dowment Fund Committee, informed the Executive Committee of the plans which had been drawn for safeguarding and administering the fund, and the committee approved them. Under these plans the National Executive Committee will elect nine members of The American Legion Endowment Fund Corporation, and these members in turn will elect the nine members of the corporation's board of directors, as provided by the articles of incorporation. The directors will be elected for terms of one, two and three years in January, 1926. They will be charged with the responsibility of guarding the Fund and seeing that the income from it is properly spent and used only for the purposes for which the fund is being raised—for the disabled and for the orphans of veterans.

Upon motion of Leo M. Harlow, Committeeman from Massachusetts, a resolution was adopted establishing the policy that no member of the board of directors should receive any compensation or emolument for services.

After consideration of the reports on the Endowment Fund the Executive Committee approved reports submitted by the chairmen of the Legion's standing national committees and took action on a large number of questions submitted to it. It also approved tentative plans which have been made in anticipation of the holding of the Legion's 1927 annual convention in Paris, France.

THE committee also accepted the resignations of Russell G. Creviston as National Adjutant and Garland W. Powell as Director of the National Americanism Commission and approved the appointment of James F. Barton, former Adjutant of the Department of Iowa, to succeed Mr. Creviston and the appointment of Dr. Frank Clay Cross of the faculty of the Colorado School of Mines to succeed Mr. Powell.

The committee adopted formal resolutions testifying to the Legion's appreciation of the high services rendered by both Mr. Creviston and Mr. Powell and as a mark of that appreciation presented each with a watch. It was announced that Mr. Creviston, after his resignation becomes effective July 31st, will become Field Director for the War Mothers' Memorial Association, which plans to erect at Washington a memorial to the mothers of American service men of all wars. His headquarters will be at Washington. He will go to Rome in August as secretary of The American Legion delegation to the national congress of the FIDAC, the international organization composed of the service men's organizations of all the Allied countries.

Mr. Powell will be identified with the organization and administration of the Woodrow Wilson Memorial University at Valdosta, Georgia. His resignation is effective July 15th.

Especial interest attached to the presentation of a report of the France

Convention Travel Committee by its chairman, John J. Wicker, Jr., of Richmond, Virginia. This report, containing much definite information which has been compiled for the guidance of the Omaha National Convention, was approved by the Executive Committee.

Mr. Wicker emphasized that the estimate of \$175 minimum expense for the trip to France for the convention is based on lowest costs from the day of embarkation in this country to the day of arrival back in the United States. He expressed the opinion that this sum would cover steamship accommodations to and from France, railroad fare from a French port to Paris and return, room and meals in Paris for one week—all accommodations to be similar to those now provided by the veterans' tours offered by steamship lines.

Accommodations in the better part of steamers and better lodgings and meals in France would, of course, raise the cost, Mr. Wicker said, adding that every man attending would probably take into consideration the fact that he probably would spend much more money than the absolutely necessary items which he listed in his report would require.

The proposal that army transports be used for the trip to France and back was reported impracticable. Negotiations with the steamship companies have produced a set of tentative recommendations as follows:

That the lines place at the Legion's disposal for the going and return trip certain cabin liners to be designated "official ships" and that on these ships the distinctions between the regular cabin and the tourist third cabin be abolished. In other words, third-class passengers would have the use of the entire ship.

That the Legion committee be granted the right to formulate rules to govern the steamship companies in reservation and assignment of space.

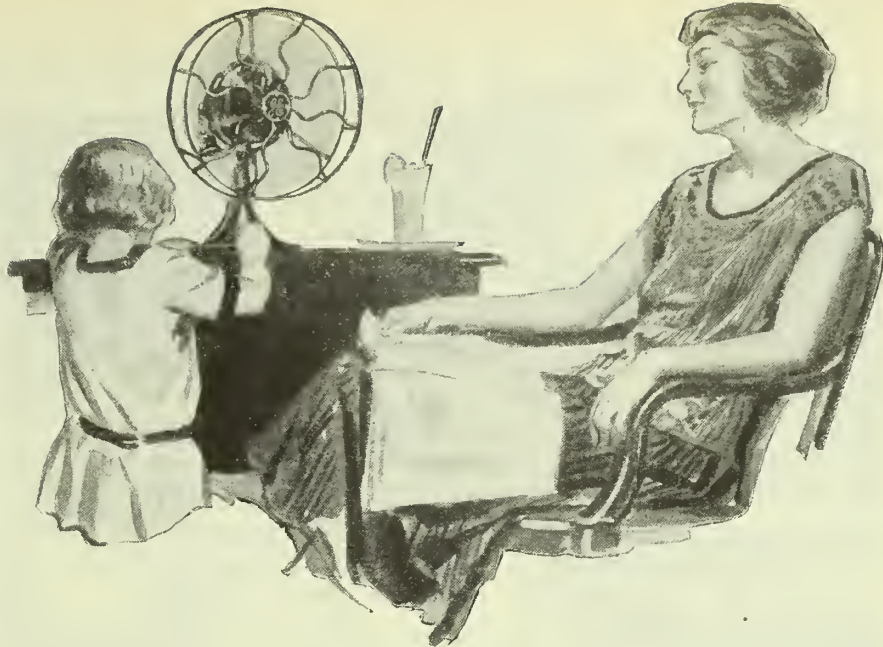
That the commission usually payable to steamship agents be set aside by each line as a special trust fund to the credit of the Legion.

That the ships designated sail from ports to be mutually agreed upon, to include Montreal, Boston, New York, Hampton Roads, New Orleans and Galveston.

The recommendations given are the basis for negotiations now being carried on. Many other proposals are also being considered, such as one for the serving of the same food to passengers in all classes of accommodations.

Legionnaires would not be restricted to return on "official ships" or to return within specified time limits, but return on other ships and at later times would mean that the special privileges would not be available.

Mr. Wicker reported that the French government is co-operating in every way possible. He said that the free use of the Trocadero, the largest auditorium in Paris, seating 12,000, has been offered. It is believed also that the French railroads will make liberal fare concessions. It is expected, of course, that the American railroads will make the same fare concessions as they have made for conventions held in this country. The Trunk Line Passenger Association already has agreed to grant round-trip tickets for one-way



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fare from any point in the United States to port of embarkation. Other passenger associations are expected to make corresponding rates.

The special committee will recommend to the Omaha convention that participation in the trip to France be limited to members of the Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary who have been in good standing for the years 1926 and 1927 and lineal minor descendants of members of the Legion or the Auxiliary.

The committee will also recommend that the convention be held in Paris on the Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of the last week of September, 1927.

Sets of rules for American Legion France Convention Clubs, to be conducted on the same plans as Christmas savings clubs, have been formulated by Mr. Wicker's committee for distribution through the American Bankers Association and the publicity channels of The American Legion.

Mr. Wicker stated that the minimum time involved in the convention trip would be twenty-three days, this period extending from date of embarkation in the United States to date of landing back in this country.

A special honor guard of Legionnaires will be on duty in Paris throughout the convention if plans are carried out, Mr. Wicker said. This guard would be composed, he said, of men specially qualified, chosen by the state departments of the Legion, the men of the guard to receive concessions such as a substantial reduction of expenses. They would be quartered together in Paris and would constitute an efficient semi-military police organization.

A complete report of the France Convention Travel Committee will be submitted to the Omaha National Convention, Mr. Wicker informed the Executive Committee. The convention is expected to decide whether or not the convention shall be held in Paris, and, in case it approves the plan, to make provisions for the definite completion of arrangements.

Other high spots of the National Executive Committee meeting were as follows:

Announcement was made that Florida had won first honors in national membership standing as of June 15, 1925, entitling this department to first place in the Omaha National Convention parade, convention hall seating and convention hotel accommodations. The Florida department on June 15th had a membership of 134.92 per cent, based on a comparison with its average membership during the four preceding years. The standings of the next highest departments were as follows: Mexico, 112.87 per cent; Nebraska, 108.34; Wyoming, 104.71.

By adoption of a resolution, the committee directed that The American Legion should not share in the profits from the publication of the history textbook for grade schools, but that the publishers may state on the title page that the text has been prepared at the request of The American Legion. This book was prepared under the auspices of the National Americanism Commission of The American Legion upon authority granted several years ago by the National Executive Committee. The publishers were prepared to sign a contract under which the Legion would

have received a share of the profits from its sale. The committee approved the appointment of a special committee, composed of three of its members—Emmet O'Neal of Kentucky, chairman; B. W. Wall of Rhode Island, and Leo M. Harlow of Massachusetts—to review the book, with the assistance of such historians as they might call upon, for the correction of any errors that might be found in it.

The National Rehabilitation Committee was authorized to prepare and place for hanging in lobbies of all post offices posters informing disabled men where they may get in touch with the nearest rehabilitation agencies of The American Legion.

Mrs. O. D. Oliphant, President of The American Legion Auxiliary, delivered an address to the committee on the Auxiliary's relation to the Legion and its place in American national life. As a testimonial to the inspiration contained in this address, the committee adopted a resolution directing the publication of Mrs. Oliphant's address in The American Legion Weekly. It will be published in a special issue of the Weekly devoted to The American Legion Auxiliary to appear in August.

The Committee approved changes in the regulations governing band and drum corps contests at national conventions, authorized holding of prize contests for American Legion quartets, and sanctioned rifle team contests. Rules for all these events will be obtainable from The American Legion National Convention Committee, Omaha, Nebraska. The most important change made in the band contest rules was the requirement that all bands competing must be composed entirely of Legionnaires.

A sub-committee on constitutional amendments recommended that the Omaha National Convention be asked to make annual dues payable in advance each year on October 1st instead of on January 1st. Another constitutional amendment which the committee voted to recommend to the Omaha convention would require all proposed constitutional amendments to be submitted to the departments and National Executive Committeemen thirty days prior to the National Convention and would require a two-thirds vote for adoption, but would permit amendments without advance notice by unanimous vote of a national convention.

Reed W. Landis, chairman of the National Aeronautics Committee, reported that numerous posts, notably those at Bellingham, Washington, and Muskogee, Oklahoma, are effectively promoting the Legion's air defense program by helping obtain municipal landing fields for planes.

E. E. Spafford, chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee, submitted a report approved by the committee urging that the enlisted personnel of the Navy be increased by 4,000 men, and that Congress heed the lessons of the Hawaiian naval maneuvers by providing new fortifications on the islands.

Watson B. Miller, chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee, reported that his committee would place before the Omaha National Convention a plan for the reorganization of the work of the committee, a step made necessary by changes made in the Veterans Bureau districting of the country. Mr. Miller also described the

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Indianapolis, Indiana

benefits to disabled men provided by the amendments to the World War Veterans Act passed unanimously by Congress at the last session.

A feature of the report given by John Thomas Taylor, Vice Chairman of the National Legislative Committee, was a summary of the lessons learned from the operation of the Adjusted Compensation Law. More than 3,000,000 veterans, 70 percent of those eligible, have applied for adjusted compensation, Mr. Taylor said, a fact that answers the critics who several years ago contended the service men themselves did not want compensation. Mr. Taylor also cited the successive tax reductions which have been made since the passage of the compensation law as proof of the soundness of the Legion's contentions that adjusted compensation could be paid without strain to the country's finances.

Reciting that only one man, Speaker Gillett, had prevented the passage of the Bursum Bill providing disabled emergency officers with the same retirement rights as those held by Regular Army officers, Mr. Taylor said this bill would be introduced at the next session of Congress and will undoubtedly be passed.

Mr. Taylor also reported great progress in promoting the Universal Draft Act, but he recommended that the Omaha National Convention consider this subject further to clarify the Legion's policy so that the National Legislative Committee may concentrate its strength on a measure most likely to pass. In the recent session, Mr. Taylor said, a number of bills providing for the substance of a universal draft law but differing in important details were under consideration, each bill, of course, working in effect against all the others.

E. K. Bixby, Chairman of the National Americanism Commission, submitted a report recommending that an Americanism school for Legion workers be held at Omaha on Sunday, October 4th, the day preceding the opening of the National Convention. The Executive Committee approved the recommendation. It also authorized the National Americanism Commission to prepare literature and questionnaires for a National Flag Contest.

National Commander Drain stated that the subject of American Legion co-operation with the Boy Scout movement would receive especial emphasis at the Omaha National Convention.

The Executive Committee approved the observance of American Education Week, November 16th to 22d, and it was announced that 114 other patriotic and civic organizations will co-operate with the Legion and the National Education Association in conducting the observance.

Upon motion of Past National Commander Henry D. Lindsley, National Commander Drain was authorized to appoint a committee to report to the Omaha National Convention on the advisability of adopting a system of life membership and providing for the payment of an initiation fee by new members.

The next meeting of the National Executive Committee will be held, as provided by the Legion's National Constitution, in Omaha on October 4th, the day preceding the opening of the National Convention.



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A Gold Camp Without a Two-Gun Man

(Continued from page 6)

kick now and then to more accessible communities. Not long ago a group of enterprising bootleggers moved into town and sought to enliven Gilbert's business district. They stayed until a dry squad from Reno appeared on a Sunday night and rounded them up. It is not recorded that the prisoners pleaded that they were missionaries of the old order seeking to restore in Gilbert the freedom of the old mining boom days, but it is recorded that their leader was an old-timer who had achieved the distinction of being run out of both Goldfield and Tonopah. His assistant was a picturesque character, recently arrived in Gilbert from Tia Juana in Old Mexico. This man also was credited by the federal officials with bringing to Gilbert the town's first and only opium smoking outfit. When arrested, the men sadly declared they had heard a gold rush was on and they thought everything "went".

BUT with bootleggers getting the gate in Gilbert, other lines of trade are booming. A new drug store and a new clothing store were scheduled to open in June. Two hotels were also contracted for, and contractors engaged in moving houses from the towns of Goldfield and Divide reported that orders would be filled only as rapidly as the trucks could be obtained to haul them. Several lawyers and one doctor have opened offices in tents or houses, and the town's leading citizens, acting informally in the absence of a Chamber of Commerce—which is bound to come soon—have been trying to attract a dentist to Gilbert.

So Gilbert, hopeful and energetic, keeps right on building and dreaming—dreaming it will become a new but enduring Goldfield. It is justly proud of what it has already done at a place where short months ago were rocks and sand and mountain scenery. It is proud of its traditions and its founders. It likes to tell the story of its birth. It relates that twenty-nine years ago Charles Lampson, a desert prospector, poking about among the hills of the Monte Cristo Range, picked up a piece of gold quartz near an Indian camp. Lampson spent many months searching the hills for the outcropping from which the rock had come. Eventually he gave up. His search was taken up by J. B. Gilbert, another desert prospector, who roamed the hills looking for gold until he died. Gilbert's three sons, Fred, Herman and Logan, then followed the vision of their father.

For years the three Gilbert brothers tested the rock ledges of the Monte Cristo Mountains, but they found nothing. Then, less than a year ago, worn out and discouraged, ready to quit the desert, they came to the site of the town which bears their name. Here they decided to make their final effort. And here they found gold—rock on the surface yielding promising values. They took out a shipment. The news of their

discovery startled not only the State of Nevada, but the whole country.

Not long after the original discovery, Dick Raycraft, a veteran prospector working for the Gilberts, found an even richer surface ledge on the top of a hill near the first shaft of the Gilberts. Some of the rock Raycraft found assayed one dollar or more to the pound. This new ledge was christened the "jewelry shop". The gold rush started. Gilbert began to boom.

The rock on the surface of the Gilbert holdings is regarded as so rich that armed guards now patrol the place night and day. At eight different spots miners say gold specimens may be taken from the surface at random. One ledge a thousand feet long is said to pan gold for its entire length. Gilbert thrills each day with new reports.

But the future of Gilbert lies in the hands of the mining experts. The outsider, ignorant of mining and boom town methods, is bewildered by the evidence assembled before him. He wonders whether Gilbert is destined to develop into another magic gold center, eclipsing Goldfield's fame, or whether it will join other boom towns in obscurity and eventual death. These are practical considerations which even the rankest ignorantee will hear about. The final decision on Gilbert's greatness—determining whether it will be a bonanza town or a dud—must come from the deepest rock strata. The outsider can only wish that all Gilbert's hopes come true.

AND if Gilbert's hopes do come true, the glory of southern Nevada will return. That glory has waned since the collapse of the mining booms of earlier days, but, waning, it has left in Nevada hardy men fitted by nature for its reconstruction. Through the mountains and deserts of Nevada still roam the prospectors—desert rats, they call themselves—who tirelessly search for phantom mines. Always the big find is before them. Each one has his favorite dream, compounded of Indian legends or pioneer traditions—some place there is a ledge awaiting his pick which will make him rich. Fantastic stories they tell when they get together in the little desert outfitting points—tales of men who made their strike and died in the desert of hunger and thirst before they could get back to civilization, their wandering burros testifying to their tragedy, their bones left to bleach on the sands, tales of big finds made by men who went mad and forever afterward groped for the mental trail that would lead them back to their discovery. Rock specimens are their talismans, stray fragments picked up on the desert to inspire a lifetime search for a magic lode.

The desert prospectors are the most picturesque survivors of the old West. There in Nevada, where the spirit of the forty-niners and the spirit of Leadville and the Comstock still rule human hearts, the desert prospector lives his

lonely life, cheerful always, envying none, finding satisfaction in hardships and comfort in a bed on the sands. Age comes upon him, but his eyes are undimmed, his back unbent. His face is weatherbeaten, but he is seldom unkempt. He is gaunt, perhaps, but his long arms and legs are served by muscles as supple and tough as huge rubber bands. He has a social code based on the Golden Rule—a flowering of the finest instinct of natural honesty. He plays square always, and he cannot understand why anyone else should not be as honest as he is himself.

THERE is much of the spirit of the desert prospector in the people of Nevada who live in the State's towns and cities. For Nevada is a State which demands hardihood. With the exception of the northwestern part of the State, a section of green valleys and fertile fields sheltered by snow-capped mountains where lies the metropolis of Reno and Carson City, the capital, Nevada is mostly unreclaimed desert, the despair of the dreamer who would pour water upon all waste places to make them bloom. The State's great hope was based upon its mines, and when nature turned fickle after granting her fabulous favors a generation and more ago, Nevada was forced to undertake a fight only hardy spirits could endure. So today, with its 70,000 inhabitants, Nevada carries on bravely while it hopes for and works for better days.

Water would transform Nevada's empty miles. At the State's southeastern tip is the prospering town of Las Vegas, merely a spot on the sands twenty-five years ago, now growing a variety of good crops and slowly reclaiming the desert while it awaits impatiently the building of Boulder Dam, the project which will make of it a metropolis in the midst of a rich agricultural district. Elsewhere in the State, where there is water, men find pleasant places to live, and the dry climate is unsurpassed for health.

Governor James G. Scrugham—a veteran of the World War, prominent in national affairs of The American Legion—is confident that the natural wonders of the State will also bring to it more and more tourists animated by the spirit of exploration. Travelers used to roughing it will find new thrills in crossing the vast reaches of the desert over the roads which the State is constructing under a far-seeing policy. One new main road follows the line of a railroad which once connected Las Vegas with Goldfield. The ties and rails were taken up and sold at marvelously high prices during the World War. The highway that now follows the railroad grade is along most of its course as smooth as a city boulevard. It is not a road for careless drivers, however. One who runs out of gasoline or water along it might stand a chance of perishing in the desert, for between Las Vegas and the town of Beatty, one hundred miles dis-

tant, there is but a single water hole and that is only twenty miles out of Las Vegas.

Along the eighty-mile waterless road lie grim mountains whose names testify to the tragedies of the earliest pioneers who sought short cuts across the desert to reach California. One passes by the Funeral Range, the Skeleton Hills and Skull Mountain, while far to the west, but visible in the clear air, Death Valley is glimpsed through the passes. Craters of extinct volcanoes tower among the lines of mountains. Along one stretch of the road lies a graveyard of monster prehistoric animals, clay hills from which the bones of mastodons protrude.

Even more interesting than Nevada's natural scenery, perhaps, are the abandoned towns of the desert and the shadow cities, which stand as monuments to the departed glory of the old mining boom days.

There are silent skeleton towns which lie utterly uninhabited among the sands while their unpainted buildings bleach in the sun to the whiteness of bones. There are scarcely less silent cities—once populous but now peopled only by a rear guard of obstinate or hopeful pioneers—cities which struggle among the mountain peaks against the symptoms of premature old age which have placed upon them the stamp of approaching death.

There are dead towns such as Carrara and Rhyolite which beckon to the desert traveler, presenting a charming face to the distance, their windows flaming in the reflection of the low sun and flaunting an illusion of life and comforts. Once thousands thronged their streets and life blazed fiercely under their roofs. But now the streets are cactus grown. No one walks between the lines of picturesque false fronts of the once-flourishing stores and dance halls and hotels which still bear, ironically, the labels of their grandeur during dream days of less than twenty years ago. Mining slumped after the great booms of twenty years ago and the rough-and-ready armies seeking sudden wealth vanished from Carrara and Rhyolite as swiftly as they had assembled.

There are stricken cities such as Goldfield, the rallying place of the adventurous men of the whole world twenty years ago, home of 30,000 during its roaring boom days—Goldfield, the town which has become the symbol of all that a gold rush of the old days connotes. Repeatedly stricken, first in the abandonment of nature and the decline of its richest mines, later by a series of fires, the latest little more than a year ago, Goldfield still shelters a few thousands who help keep alive the legends of its greatness and work for a return of the town's old glory. Many of the old mines are still being worked, but they yield hard-wrung wealth, a pittance from lodes which once poured forth treasure bountifully.

Tonopah is Goldfield's neighbor, separated by thirty miles of barren hills among which lie the great mines of yesterday. But time has treated Tonopah kindly. It is a prospering town of more than 5,000 persons in which reminders of the old boom days are inconspicuous among the modern buildings which give Tonopah an aspect of continuing growth and permanence. Here mining engineers have

found the means to make the old mines pay—in fact the wealth produced by Tonopah's mines up to this time recently passed the total which has been wrung more spectacularly from the ground at Goldfield. Here recently mammoth Diesel engines have just been put to work in a huge power house to enable workers in the world's largest silver mine to plunge into deeper and deeper levels.

To understand Gilbert, one must understand Goldfield and Tonopah and the other towns of the Nevada desert. For Gilbert is only the latest toss of the gamester Fate and Fate's dice have not yet stopped rolling at Gilbert.

TAPS

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this department. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

JOSEPH H. FOYLE, Towanda (Pa.) Post. D. June 6, aged 33. Served with Bty. C, 59th Arty., C. A. C.

PAUL I. HAAS, Brown and Lynch Post, Easton, Pa. D. June 17, aged 27. Served with 7th Div.

RUFUS J. KRODEL, Dubois County (Ind.) Post. D. June 6 at Dawson Springs (Ky.) Hosp. Served in A. E. F.

CHARLES K. LITTLE, Charles A. Learned Post, Detroit, Mich. D. May 13. Served in U. S. N. R. F.

CHRISTOPHER C. McMAHON, First New Jersey Infantry Post, Newark, N. J. D. at St. Mary's Hosp., Orange, N. J., June 13, aged 37. Served in Cos. D and I, 113th Inf., 29th Div.

WILLIAM H. NANKIVELL, Lincoln Post, Shamokin, Pa. D. June 1. Served with A. S. C. Hq., R. R. and C.

RUDOLPH OLSON, George A. Fitzgerald Post, Dell Rapids, S. D. D. at U. S. V. B. Hosp., Helena, Mont., Mar. 28. Served with Hq. Co., 20th Inf.

EDWARD REMPE, New Bremen (O.) Post. D. May 28, aged 38. Served with 158th D. B., Camp Sherman, O.

ALPHONSE ROBERGE, Somersworth (N. H.) Post. D. Mar. 18. Served in C. A. C.

JOSEPH A. ROSS, Ashton (Idaho) Post. D. at U. S. V. B. Hosp., Boise, Idaho, Nov. 8, aged 35. Served with Co. E, 2d Eng.

FRED SCHMIDT, Johnson-Melary Post, Hettlinger, N. D. Killed by lightning, June 21. Served with 348th M. G. Bn., 91st Div.

CHARLES H. SHAW, Lowery Post, Lawton, Okla. D. Jan. 12.

WILLIAM SMASAL, Benjamin A. Remmle Post, Sleepy Eye, Minn. D. June 3, aged 33. Served at Camp Lewis, Wash.

JULIUS SPROGIS, Abner Dahlberg Post, Rhineland, Wis. D. Mar. 19. Served with 321st M. T. C.

OWEN W. STALEY, Victor Hill Post, Casey, Ill. D. June 15, aged 33. Served with 72d F. A.

JULIUS H. SCHOLLMAYER, Elbert S. Waid Post, Cristobal, C. Z. D. June 12, aged 61. Served at Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Fla.

CHARLES WILHELMY, Nauvoo (Ill.) Post. D. June 25, aged 36. Served with Co. B, 54th Amm. Tr., C. A. C.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this department must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

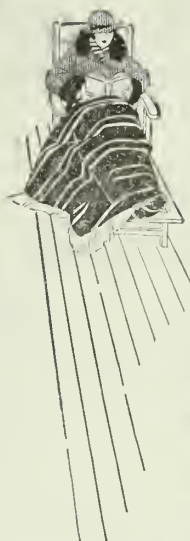
ARMY AMBULANCE SERVICE—Sixth annual reunion at Baltimore, Md., July 23-25. Address Wilbur P. Hunter, 5315 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Co. F, 329th Inf. (83d Div.)—Fourth annual reunion at Barr Hotel, Lima, O., July 26. Address George W. Keller, 542 Parrott St., Dayton, O.

Cos. D and E, 418th Tel. Bn.—Reunion at Asbury Park, N. J., July 31-Aug. 2. Address W. K. Perry, 1712 Park Ave., New York City.

128th M. G. Bn. (35th Div.)—Reunion at Armory, Carthage, Mo., 7 p. m., Aug. 5. To complete roster, address Westley Halliburton, Carthage.

332d Inf.—Reunion at Hollenden Hotel, Cleveland, O., Sept. 5-6. Address C. H. Williams, 1268 Union Trust Bldg., Cleveland.



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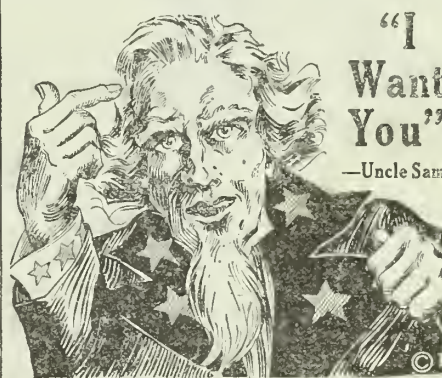
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"If I had the money, dearest," he bemoaned, "we would be married, but I am penniless."

"Don't worry, darling," she cheered him. "I've been saving all the small change that slips out of your pocket on the sofa every night."

Something in a Name

[Statement of an Indianapolis Company]

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Growing Old

Mrs. Murphy was in tears, and her friend, Mrs. Casey, was seeking to comfort her.

"What's th' matter, Maggie?" she asked sympathetically. "Why are ye cryin', now?"

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" sobbed Mrs. Murphy. "Me poor Pat is a-failin'. Why, the dear man bate me up this mornin' an' he hardly blacked me eyes at all, at all."

Call the Censor

[Ad in Los Angeles Illustrated News]

ICE SKATING—First leg of the Ladies Most Graceful Skater for the Marton Gold Trophy.

Depends On

The Runt: "Could you love a man who is short?"

The Gal: "I don't know. How much?"

No Fatigue Uniforms, Though

[Ad in Pontiac (Mich.) Daily Press]

FOR SALE—Row boat. Will hold six persons, steel ribbed and in good shape.

Not Appreciated

Cleo: "Olive is such a sensible girl."

Veda: "How foolish!"

A Friendly Warning

[Ad in the Omaha Daily News]

THIS WON'T LAST LONG. NEW 4-ROOM BUNGALOW.

Revery

My dreams begin at break of day;

My dreams commence where others' stop;

I sleep while others toil away;

I work nights now, old top.

—J. A. S.

Also Accommodating?

[South Carolina Weekly Market Bulletin]

WANT—Collie or bull pup, must be pure and reasonable.

Where Danger Lurks

Phil: "Aren't you afraid in the dark?"

Madge: "No, unless you're with me."

The Age of Specialization

[Ad in the Deland (Fla.) Daily News]

Female office girl wanted, some experience necessary.

"Nothing to Equal," Is Right

[From Ashburn (Ga.) Wiregrass Farmer]

One of the artists of the evening will be Mr. Alex Mathews. Those who have heard him in Ashburn never saw or heard anything to equal him. He will introduce the Phunnellophone, Hoepandolintar, Pyrene-

kazoobone and other musical instruments that he has constructed.

"Vague" Isn't the Word

[From the Greenville (S. C.) News]

Of the forty Negroes in the Greenville county bastille yesterday, thirty-three were whites. Reason for this condition is rather vague, although the percentage of white population in this section may partially explain it.

An Heir

The poor young suitor was becoming desperate in his attempt to win his fair one's hand.

"I'll do anything in the world for you!" he cried.

"I'm sorry, but you're too late," she replied sweetly. "I've just accepted a young man whose father did all that."



"Polly wants a cracker!"

Monk: "Nothin' doin', kid. These are animal crackers."

Anticipation

[From the La Porte (Tex.) Chronicle]

George Norris was on jury duty in Houston all of next week and part of this week.

Frankness Itself

[Ad in Upper Sandusky (O.) Daily Chief]

Good Old Country Butter.

The Unconventional Southwest

[Ad in the Dallas News]

Under new management, vacancy for two young men. Young lady to share delightful bedroom. References.

And a Good Place for Them

[Ad in San Francisco Examiner]

FRESH meat salesmen (2) for cooler; wholesale experience necessary.

Beats the Daily Dozen

[From the Perry (Iowa) Daily Chief]

Take the victim from the water. Lay him on the ground or floor in an airy place, face downward, with arms pulled higher than the level of the shoulders. Bend one of the person's forearms, so that the mouth and nose rest on the back of the head.

The L. C. of L.

[Ad in the Watsonville (Cal.) Register]

Don't forget the chicken dinner at Elkhorn school house Thursday night, June 4. Entertainment, dancing. 5c a plate. Everything else free.

Anywhere Else Is O. K., Though

[Columbia City (Ind.) Commercial-Mail]

Safety Zone Marked on City Streets; Motorists Must Not Hit Pedestrians on White Spot.

With Gestures

[From the Galveston Daily News]

W. G. (Bill) Evers, 76 years old, of Austin, past great sachem of the Texas reservation, became the life of the party, and on the return voyage led the singing, in which all hands took part.

The Nannies That Sing in the Spring, Tra-la

[Ad in Adams County (Iowa) Free Press]

FOR SALE—Canaries and milk goats. Guaranteed young singers \$2.50.

Never Again

(To a bathing beauty)

Oh, my gorgeous pearl—oh, my bathing girl—

Your image is ever around me, And that happy day on Jamaica Bay

When you almost successfully drowned me!

Oh, you can go where the undertow Is strong, and mock and flout me,

But you'll have your larks with the angry sharks

This year, old girl, without me!

—Arthur L. Lippman.

Those Impulsive Westerners

[Adjacent signs on road between Lake Tahoe and Carson City, Nev.]

Galilee Church Service—No Shooting.

You Don't Say!

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer]

The body was removed from an old Episcopal churchyard in 1829 and was lost sight of after it was remodeled and enlarged.

And That's That

[Notice in Culbertson (Neb.) Progress]

NOTICE! I herewith give the people of Culbertson notice that I forbid any boy or girl, or any adult person, acquaintance, friend or foe, or any other manner of creature, strolling up the river bank along my premises, in any manner of reason whatsoever. And if this causes offense to anyone, it will still be satisfactory to me. There is a public highway leading to my house and every such person is respectfully invited to come and go at his pleasure. But I do not intend to have my melon patch and everything else that I have inspected and snouted over by every sneak kid or any other manner of kid. I call special attention to some of the young women in this town, being over familiar, by strolling back and forth across my premises, and I don't mean maybe!—J. B. HUNTER.

The Frying Pan and the Fire

Squire Perkins had stopped on the footbridge to watch his neighbor who was fishing from the bank.

"Caught anything?" inquired the squire.

"Nope," was the reply.

"Had any bites?"

"Nope."

"How long you been fishing?"

"Since breakfast."

"Well," remarked the squire, "can't be very good fishing around here."

"Taint," admitted the fisherman, "but it's a heap sight better'n no fishin' at all."

Mr. Adjutant—meet the Ten Go-getters

POST PEP POSTALS

To the left are pictured—just as they are—the complete set of Post Pep Postals. In every case where Post Pep Postals have been used, the results have been good, in some cases—startling!! If copy on these cards is inappropriate for your purpose it is reprinted at slight additional cost. That's what we did for C. Howard Rowton! What happened? The Department of Florida—of which he is Adjutant—WON THE LINDSLEY TROPHY—for the SECOND TIME! Listen to him:

"I wish to state that the Post Pep Post cards that the DEPARTMENT OF FLORIDA bought from you during the LINDSLEY TROPHY DRIVE were VERY EFFECTIVE. They were of GREAT VALUE to us."

(Signed) C. HOWARD ROWTON.

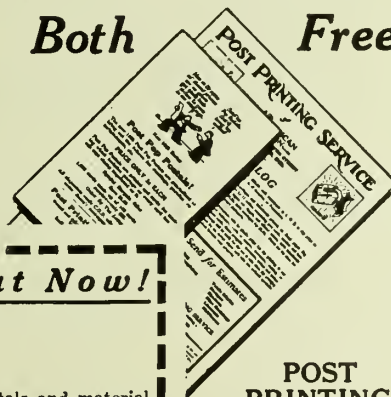
NEW POSTAL RULES

A new Post Office Regulation regarding the mailing of post cards reads: "Government postal cards—1 cent each. Private mailing or post cards—2 cents each." Post Pep Postals are Government cards ready for mailing, and therefore require no additional postage.

HOW TO ORDER

By checking and signing coupon—attaching \$3.00 in currency, M. O. or check, and mailing to us, 100 Post Pep Postals, two catalogs and sample stationery will be sent to you, by return mail.

Both Free



**POST
PRINTING
SERVICE**

**The American Legion
Weekly
Indianapolis, Ind.**

Last Call!



Chairmen of Entertainment Committees, editors of Post Organs, and Post Publicity men are urged to send for these catalogs.

The larger catalog contains in facsimile sixty-six cuts, similar to the one above.

These cuts have been successfully used by Posts desiring to inject a touch of humor into their literature and are ideal embellishments for Menus, Programmes, Folders, Announcements and printed publicity of all kinds. Mail the Coupon!

Tear This Coupon Out Now!

**POST PRINTING SERVICE
The American Legion Weekly
Indianapolis, Indiana**

Gentlemen:

I enclose \$3.00. Please send: 100 Post Pep Postals and material as advertised

Send Catalogs Only

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY & STATE

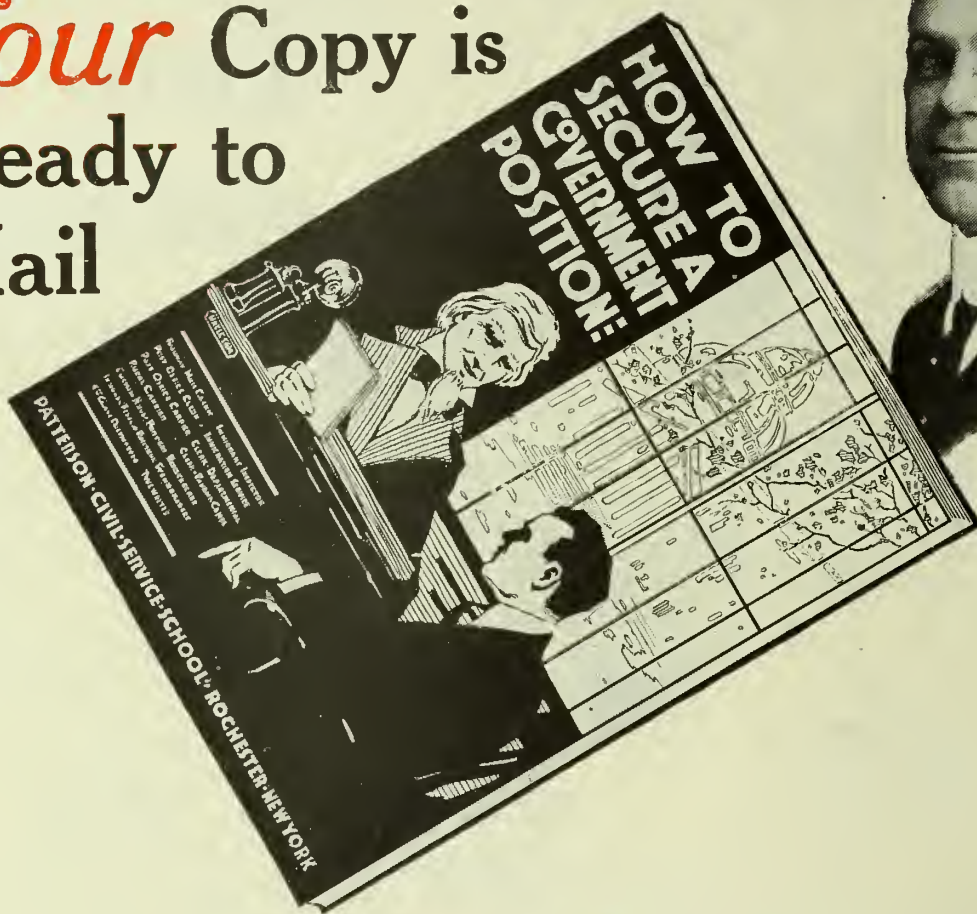
POST NAME OR POST ORGAN

(CHECK YOUR REQUIREMENTS)

7-17-25

Mail this coupon now!

Your Copy is
Ready to
Mail



Send For It Now

**Pick the Job You Want
I'll Help You Get It**

RAILWAY POSTAL CLERK
\$1900 to \$2600 a year

Opportunity for travel. Up to 15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave each year with full pay.

POST OFFICE CLERK
\$1700 to \$2100 a year
Special Clerks at \$2000

Up to 15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Promotions to better-paid positions.

CITY MAIL CARRIER
\$1700 to \$2100 a year

Up to 15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Good chance for promotion to bigger pay.

CUSTOMHOUSE POSITIONS
\$1140 to \$2700 a year

Up to 30 days' vacation and 30 days' sick leave every year with full pay; 7-hour day. **EXTRA PAY FOR OVERTIME.**

With the increase in pay given to all U. S. Postal Employees, Mail Carriers, Post Office Clerks, Rural Carriers, Railway Postal Clerks and Postmasters, now as never before is the time to prepare for one of these fine Government jobs.

INTERNAL REVENUE MEN
\$1140 to \$2700 a year

Up to 30 days' vacation and 30 days' sick leave every year, with full pay. 7½-hour day. Positions open everywhere.

DEPARTMENTAL CLERK
\$1140 to \$1500 and up to \$2700

Up to 30 days' vacation and 30 days' sick leave every year, with full pay. 7½-hour day. Work in Washington or near home.

POSTMASTER
\$1200 to \$2500 and up

This is a position of great importance. In small towns a position that can be made very profitable.

R. F. D. MAIL CARRIER
\$1800 a year plus \$12.24 per mile. It is estimated pay will run from \$2090 to \$2300 a year

15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. A fine position for men in rural districts.

**PATTERSON CIVIL
SERVICE SCHOOL,
Dept. R-637, Wisner Bldg.,
Rochester, N. Y.**

Please send me your big free book and tell me how I can secure a position with the U. S. Government paying me \$1900 to \$2600 a year, with excellent chance for rapid advancement. This doesn't cost me a penny.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

WRITE TODAY!

PATTERSON CIVIL SERVICE SCHOOL

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under the laws of the State of New York

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